



# THE HOD - CARRIER'S SONG.

Air.—Villikens and his Dinah.

I am a bold Hodman, I live by my trade,  
I mix up my mortar, with my hoe and my spade ;  
And mount up the ladder, though ever so tall,  
When the man of the trowel for mortar doth call.

CHORUS.

Sing tu ral, li tu ral, li tu ral lol la,  
Why don't you sing tu ral, li tu ral lol la.

With my badge on my shoulder, fill'd with mortar or brick,  
In my march up the ladder I'm nimble and quick ;  
With a heart light and cheerful, I whistle and sing,  
Like a Lark in the morning as she mounts on the wing.

As I stand on the scaffold, with hod by my side,  
I cast my eyes homeward, o'er the deep rolling tide ;  
O'er the wide spread Atlantic, to the land of my birth,  
More dear to my heart, tahn any spot on this earth.

For there dwell the Father and Mother I love,  
And the maid I adore, my sweet turtle dove :  
Whilst I, a poor Hodman, an exile from home,  
On freedom's fair shore a wanderer roam.

But a voice sweet I hear from the Emerald Isle,  
The voice of the maiden I left on the style :  
Be constant, dear Patrick, we'll soon meet again,  
And that joy will reward us for all of our pain.

Yes, I hope soon to meet thee, fond maid of my heart,  
And trust that again we never shall part ;  
At the thought of that meeting, my heart bounds with joy,  
Where no vile intruder can our pleasures annoy.





THE  
HOD-GARRNER'S  
SOCIETY

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE